5acts fill!

For **CAGEYKLIO**: NC-17, Gabriel/Sam, shower-sex!

Gabriel laughs as he takes Sam's hips in his hands, and he's genuinely delighted by the annoyance in Sam's eyes when he kisses him.

Sam puts his hands on Gabriel's chest and pushes, and doesn't budge Gabriel a bit.

"I'm trying to take - "

" - it's an excuse to stand naked so I can ravish you, yes? Perfect!" Gabriel finishes, and kisses him again.

"Gabriel!" Sam manages moments later, and he holds on Gabriel's wrists. "Ask before you do this at least, come on!"

"If I had asked, would you have said yes?"

"Maybe," Sam says.

"Not good enough," Gabriel says, and presses close again. Sam grips Gabriel's shoulders for support, sure he won't slip, and lets Gabriel kiss his chest, and gives in.

He cups the back of Gabriel's head and kisses him, bending down to do so, and then he's scrambling as Gabriel jerks him down, and Sam doesn't know how his knees aren't hurting, because kneeling on the shower floor has always hurt in the past.

Gabriel tugs on his hair, and Sam sighs. Right. Archangel, duh.

"Open wide," Gabriel says, and Sam decides to oblige him, holding Gabriel's legs and taking his length in, not bothering to take his time about it.

Gabriel tastes the same as he always does, salty-sweet and something else that's distinctly him, and Sam closes his eyes as he bobs his head, listening with half an ear to Gabriel's low moans of approval.

He knows he gives good head; Gabriel tells him so often enough that he believes it, and anything he can do that makes Gabriel lose his composure is something he remembers.

He works his tongue and lips and lets Gabriel stand under the water, trusts that Gabriel won't let the water turn cold before they're done.

Gabriel thrusts almost too deep and comes, and Sam swallows before he leans back to look at Gabriel and study his face.

It's not long before Gabriel drags him up and kisses him, and then Sam's pushed

back into cold tiles as Gabriel bends to return the favor.

Gabriel's never one to suck, but instead to lick and use his fingers as if Sam were a big popsicle, and Sam's stamina is never great when Gabriel wants him to come, wants to push him over the edge fast and hard -

Sam comes with a shout, and then Gabriel's up to kiss him, drum fingers against his chest, and then Gabriel's gone.

"Hey - " Sam says, then stops himself.

He turns to the water and tilts his face into it, eyes closed, and trusts that Gabriel's not gone far, because Gabriel never goes too far away when they're doing this.

So he takes his time in the rest of the shower, scrubbing himself clean and turning off the water - it never gets cold, Sam thanks Gabriel internally - and towels himself off, and just as expected -

Gabriel's in the hotel room, lying upside-down on the bed and reading a tabloid.

"Miss me?" He asks with a grin, and Sam bends to kiss him on the mouth, light and quick.

"Just a bit."